

nothing always happens by jupiteress

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Beverly Marsh - Freeform, Bill Denbrough - Freeform, Canon-Compliant, Eddie Kaspbrak - Freeform, F/M, M/M, Mike Hanlon - Freeform, Post Chapter One, Slice of Life, Stanley Uris - Freeform, also ben and richie are pining like hell, enjoy, no adult supervision, richie wont talk about his feeling but well get there, this is me making up for the years i lost to depression and also having no friends, too many goddamn commas, uh theres a crawfish, we going back to childhood folks

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Summary:

“I just think, Haystack,” Richie continues, hesitantly tearing his gaze away to meet his, “that if you really like someone, you should sack up and tell ‘em. No point brooding over it forever.”

“I think you shouldn't say things like 'brooding' and 'sack up' in the same breath.”

the gang digs through a bunch of garbage and then they fuck around in the river. ben and richie talk about their crushes but they're bad at it.

post chapter one

nothing always happens

Richie listens to Eddie ramble on about personal protective equipment, stringing his words together with such urgency that they're constantly clashing and stammering to the point of it being nearly nonsensical, and wonders boldly if he's ever going to get tired of hearing it.

It's mid afternoon and they're all down in the barrens, having escaped the worst of the day's heat by taking refuge playing board games at Richie's house, air-con blasting, – Maggie had made up frozen watermelon slices for them and they'd gorged themselves. Now, still all sticky from where the juice ran down their chins and their hands, they're making up for the lost hours by attentively scouring the thick brush near where the barrens border the city landfill, looking for anything remotely interesting. Most of it's just random junk, but occasionally they'll find new furniture for the clubhouse, or dead electronics that they can take apart, or broken televisions with intact fibreglass screens they can sling rocks at and shatter. Sometimes they'll hit a goldmine and find a tangled but otherwise functional yo-yo or cassette tapes that still work when they run back home to try them out. It's not really about the finds, though. It's just, plainly put, something to do.

Beverly's knee deep in shrubbery, kicking at a doorless microwave to see if she can dislodge something, and Mike and Bill are flipping through an old playboy magazine that's pages have gone wavy from water damage, and the cover is so sun-bleached that it's nearly completely white. Stan stayed back at the edge of the clearing when the rest of them moved further into the brush, concerned about bugs and poison ivy and blackberry bushes and content to do his searching in the shallow parts. Ben's the furthest in, and as far as Richie can tell he's not doing much other than looking out over the dump and probably dozing off on the fallen log he's sat upon. Richie himself is squatting down, using a long stick to poke through the contents of a garbage bag he's ripped open. It's just household trash, and it smells rather bad, but it's a way to keep his hands moving while he zones out. And Eddie's managed to get himself up onto a low fork in a tree, sitting with his back up against the trunk and legs hanging on either

side of the thick branch, idly kicking at the air as he rants about why what they're doing is dangerous and the precautionary measures they should be taking, but without actually suggesting they stop doing it, or making any attempts to leave.

The air is filled with that kind of quiet, static warmth that leaves you pleasantly tired all the way through your body, – the kind that makes your shoulders slump and your gate slow, and the minutes seem to stretch on for hours for the seven of them. It's one of those days where nothing much happens, one that won't ever be memorable or out of the ordinary in any way, where they'll go home sleepy and satisfied, and when their parents ask what they did all day – those of them whose parents care enough to ask – they can say '*nothing*' and mean it. And that's just fine by them. They'd all take an uneventful, boring day like this over some of the days they'd faced before – *the ones that left scars and gaps and nightmares, the memories of which seem to fade with each passing week and it's all fuzzy and disjointed and* – no, today is good. That's all that matters.

Richie feels something small bounce off the space between his shoulder blades and looks up, only for something else to hit him right in the middle of the forehead as Eddie looks down at him, very obviously trying not to grin so the corners of his mouth twitch, and when they lock eyes he bites his lip and throws another piece of tree bark. This one taps Richie's cheek and falls to the ground in front of him, and Eddie snickers like it's the funniest thing he's seen all day.

“You're gonna get splinters if you keep that up, dipshit,” he says, smirking as panic flashes across Eddie's face, though it quickly dissipates into a scowl, and he continues flicking pieces at him, more rapidly now.

“Asshole. Why the fuck would you say that?” he spits, and Richie has to hold his arms up to shield himself from the onslaught. “You're the one who's gonna get fucking splinters.”

Richie stands, picking up his stick and turning his back to the tree. He manages to hook the end of it on a particularly gross looking wad of paper towel from the pile of trash, and when he turns back around and makes a jabbing motion towards Eddie, the other boy screeches indignantly and falls off the branch. He lands with a thud on the

ground and immediately scrambles to his feet. Richie lunges at him again, cackling, as Eddie starts spewing insults and hollering disgust. He picks up an empty tin can and throws it, landing somewhere a couple feet to Richie's left.

Something about it leaves Richie with a vague feeling of déjà vu, but that happens so often these days that he doesn't think much of it.

Eddie backs his way out to the clearing, creating whatever distance he can by throwing whatever his hands come across, though he hardly lands any hits, and Richie taunts him the whole way up, never intending to do more than tease, never planning on causing actual harm.

(Eddie knows this, of course.)

Stan starts to lecture him too, though far more calmly, more comprehensible. Tells him not to be disgusting, tells them both to shut up and knock it off. He's smiling though, Richie can tell, even when he tries to hide it.

Here's to nothing ever changing, he thinks.

Later, when the sun isn't bearing down as heavily and a relieving breeze starts to flow in from the east, they find themselves traversing away from the shady greenery of the barrens towards the open bank along the Kenduskeag, where the water is fast-moving but shallow enough that Bill doesn't roll his jean shorts up even though they fall down a little past his knees. He's right out in the middle of the stream, eyes trained steadily downwards as he takes slow, calculated steps, looking out for crawfish tails peeking out from under the rocks. Eddie's next to him, mirroring his actions though seemingly less focused, as he keeps letting his gaze drift over to the others. Stan's about fifty feet upstream, talking to Mike and occasionally gesturing animatedly at the tree line. Mike laughs heartedly at something he says, and the sound floats drifts all the way across to where Richie is busy pulling out clumps of grass and flinging them into the water, and Ben is sitting with his knees pulled up to his chest, his attention fixed on Beverly, whose found a flat-topped rock that's big enough for her to lay down on, albeit with her legs hanging off the edge. She's on her back, her hair splayed out over the stone, which fully exposes

the fading bruise that starts in the outer corner of her eye and curves in patches down the side of her face.

He lets out a deep sigh and buries his face in his arms.

“Careful Benjamin,” Richie says, reaching over and sprinkling blades of grass onto his hair, “you’re being obvious again.”

Ben blushes, slaps his hand away and tries to shake the grass off. The action gets rid of some of it, falling back onto the ground or his shoulders, but there’s still bits of green sticking out here and there. Richie grins, and shuffles closer so his knee knocks against Ben’s shin.

“I keep tellin’ you to just go talk to her,” he continues, “save us all from this will-they-won’t-they crap.”

“I talk to her all the time,” Ben replies in a way that fails to acknowledge the point, and Richie repays it with another fistful of freshly pulled grass. He shakes it off again, sputtering as some of the pieces fall into his face.

“Ah, you know what I mean,” Richie wipes his hands off on his pants and leans back on his elbows, looks back across to where Bill and Eddie seem to have recruited Stan and Mike, and Mike’s got a stick that he’s using to pry the rocks up so that Bill can look underneath. Stan and Eddie are talking over each other, and a little too far away that he can’t quite make out what they’re saying. Eddie starts laughing at something Stan says, and Richie laughs too, though under his breath and without really meaning to. Ben looks at Richie, then over to the others, and back again.

“I just think, Haystack,” Richie continues, hesitantly tearing his gaze away to meet his, “that if you really like someone, you should sack up and tell ‘em. No point brooding over it forever.”

“I think you shouldn’t say things like *brooding* and *sack up* in the same breath.”

“What can I say, I’m an intellectual.”

“You’re a hypocrite is what you are,” Ben says, and Richie scoffs, “what, you’re saying you ain’t ever liked someone and just kept it to

yourself?"

"I never liked anyone, period," Richie says defensively, sitting up again and resting his chin in his hands, "cept maybe Eddie's mom."

Ben sighs softly. Richie instinctively looks towards Eddie again, but his attention is all Bill's at the moment, who's actually managed to find one of the mudbugs and is holding it tentatively just above the water as the other three crowd around him. Stan's talking in that quick, steady way that Richie knows to mean what he's saying is somewhat informational, and Mike appears to be petting the damn thing as it sits in Bill's hands.

"Bull," Ben laughs, just a beat too late for it to flow properly with the rest of the conversation. Richie frowns at him.

"Whaddaya mean, *bull*? It's the truth," Richie insists, but Ben just looks at him, exasperated. "Or, fine. Whatever. Maybe I like one person but," he starts picking at the grass with one hand, continuing to hold up his head with the other, his elbow digging into his knee, "it's different."

"How's it different?"

"I don't know," he groans, "it just is."

"Who-," Ben starts, but is cut off by Eddie as he calls out to them from across the way.

"Richie!" he yells excitedly, "Ben, guys, come get a load o' this thing Bill found!"

Richie can hear Bill telling him to turn down the volume, sees Eddie poke his tongue out at him then continue waving over to them with a sense of urgency, as if anything could be so urgent these days.

Richie sticks his hand up in acknowledgement, flings one last bunch of grass into Ben's lap and heaves himself up onto his feet in one clumsy movement. He starts to jog over to the group, until they're all flinging their arms at him and telling him to slow down, to stop kicking up so much water, until Eddie's voice has gone up an octave as he begins another tangent and Richie brings his leg back as if he's

going to send a tidal wave flying at the lot of them, but doesn't follow through with movement.

Ben watches, for a moment, the way Eddie gravitates to Richie even while scolding him, sees how Richie almost subconsciously reaches out to touch him, pulls him closer like he's practiced it a million times before.

(He has, of course.)

If Ben realises something, he won't say it. He's hit with the feeling that maybe Richie hasn't yet, not fully at least.

Beverly, roused by the calamity, leaves her perch and joins them, not before pulling Ben to his feet with a smile playing at her lips. Her hair, though slightly dishevelled, has fallen back to its natural frame around her face, obscuring the bruise once again. There's a slight pink tinge left over from last week's sunburn, overshadowed by the freckles that are more vibrant than ever now. Even from the small, modest contact of her hands on his, he can feel the sun radiating off her skin, and already knows he would bask in it forever if she'd let him.

By the time they reach the rest of them, Bill's already let the crawfish back into the water. It scurries back under the rock where they found it.

It's doesn't matter too much, though. It's summer, and they're kids, and days like this are countless.

Author's Note:

hello thank you for reading
come yell at me @kinghanscom.tumblr.com
kudos and comments super appreciated!